

## The Flight from Reality

One of the great faculties we all possess as a God-given gift is our imagination. Its creative power manifests itself with great vigor from early childhood. How often as youngsters we talked to imaginary people, won imaginary battles, (in the world of fancy we always are victor), enjoyed our home-made dreams and escaped from the harsh world of reality. Psychologists tell us that this escape mechanism is a blessing unless we abuse it by such over-indulgence that we never learn to face reality. This is the affliction of the neurotic and psychotic.

This Sunday's Gospel tells us that even such stalwarts as Peter, James and John wanted "to get away from it all"! But their

vision of the transfigured Lord was abruptly shattered as Jesus led them down the mountain and returned with them to the city. It is the city that is the real world where men live every day and where the Lord must suffer and die before He is glorified. The mountain is the symbol of life in exaltation, in great experiences real or visionary. The city below the mountain is the symbol of day-by-day existence, often monotonous and harsh, in contrast to the peak moments that come in the real world only once in a while and in the world of visions and dreams frequently.

Most of our lives are spent in the valley — down from the mountain where we want to stay forever. The strength that sustains us in these ordinary moments that make up most of our years comes from our memory of the peaks of exaltation that we have experienced in reality or in imagination. The Gospel story of the Transfiguration assures us also that the Lord is not absent

from the levels of our living symbolized by the valley. In the Scriptures He is continuously pictured as coming down from the mountain seeking the neighboring towns and villages, returning again and again to Jerusalem. He became man to dwell among us, not to appear in clouds and to converse with figures in glory. He is the living man, living IN men. He lives at every level of our lives and throughout the whole length of human history.

The present emphasis in theology and in liturgy on the Paschal Mystery is good unless we give our total attention to the glory of Christ's Resurrection. We would like to forget the Passion and death that were the necessary prelude to His glorification. So did Peter, James and John who wanted to pitch their tents on the mountain of Transfiguration and bypass the heat and dust and weariness of the long road in the valley below.

### The Slot Man

By Carmen Viglucci

## Of Bad Henry and the Babe

Don't fret too much about George Herman Ruth and his home run record which is under seige from the Atlanta Braves' Henry Aaron.



As a sports fan, I think that if Aaron finally surpasses Babe Ruth's 714 homers some two years from now, it will be the greatest shot in the arm for baseball since they built Yankee Stadium to accommodate the Babe's fans.

And I don't think it would detract one whit from the Babe's greatness which grew as much out of his personal flair for living as it did from his diamond feats.

For instance, a hardened newspaperman tells of the time when he was a youngster

back in the late thirties and the Babe came to town (Albany) to give a hitting exhibition on a Saturday morning.

Jack managed to scrape together enough money to buy a new baseball, hit the sack early the night before, and looked forward to a hero he had never seen in those pre-TV days. It was a long walk from the South End where Jack lived to the ballpark north of the city. Then he overslept.

He took off on the run and when he got within eyeshot of the ball park he saw a crowd clustered near a black limousine pulling away. He knew who had to be in that car so he stood at the curb and bent to catch a glimpse of the passenger in the back as the car whisked by.

Suddenly the car stopped and Babe Ruth himself got out.

"That a baseball you got there, kid? Here let me sign it."

Jack stood transfixed as the Babe strode over, autographed the ball, got back in the car and sped off.

The Babe Ruth legend stems from countless such incidents and will not be tarnished when and if Bad Henry finally hits that 715th home run.

Breaking the record would be just reward for Aaron's complete professionalism on and off the field. It also would be a tribute to his durability and talent and it would be heartwarming in that Aaron has been an unassuming hero.

A great and happy achievement it will be but it will not diminish the Babe whose greatness lies not in record books alone.

### Editorial

## How Every One Can Help Flood Victims

The outpouring of donations, both in money and supplies, the willingness of hundreds of volunteers putting in countless hours and the general cohesive spirit of the people of the diocese following the flood has been inspirational.

Still it must be remembered that many persons, for a variety of reasons, could offer only prayers. Prayers were needed, but these persons may have been left with a slight pang of guilt.

"I wish I could do more," was the typical comment of many.

Bishop Joseph L. Hogan and officials of the Catholic schools in the Southern Tier have instituted a new program which offers each and every person in the diocese, and hopefully, across the state, the opportunity to do more.

Become part of a concerted letter-writing effort to influence our federal legislators to amend the Office of Emergency Preparedness Public Law 91606, so that disaster help can be given private schools damaged by the flood. A list of federal legislators is included in the cen-

terfold of this issue. The law is being debated in the Senate now. Immediate attention is required.

Advocates of separation of Church and state jumped in quickly in declaring aid should not go to private schools damaged by the flood.

They must not have taken into account that it cost money to operate the private schools as centers for food and clothing distribution, to shelter evacuees; that damage was incurred during the weeks the centers operated; That Catholic institutions and people joined in service to the public — all the public.

Why shouldn't you? That's what advocates of separation of Church and state ask as they coldly reject the idea of aid to private schools under any circumstance. Why shouldn't you? You're Christians aren't you? Do you expect to be repaid for doing your Christian duty?

To be blunt, yes. Tax monies being used to reimburse all those reduced in circumstance by the flood should also go to the private school community which has contributed in equal measure

to the pool. No American taxpayer should be treated like a second-class citizen, particularly in time of disaster.

We hope everyone realizes that the Catholic programs during flood recovery operations as well as the Protestant programs, the Jewish programs, the community programs, the social agency programs all would have been carried out — aid or no aid. They will continue — aid or no aid.

But performing these public services requires money.

May we ask some questions of our detractors:

Where is the justice in denying help to a sector of American society dealt a body blow by a natural disaster?

Where is the common sense in hampering voluntary public service?

Now one for our readers.

Won't you help the flood victims by writing to your federal representatives?